

# THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

By Blakely & Martin.

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## PETITION FROM THE LADIES OF THE UNION.

The following petition is submitted for  
signature. Let it be cut out from the  
newspaper inserting it, and circulated  
promptly so as to be returned with millions  
of signatures by September 25th, when  
under the Confiscation and Emancipation  
act, all slaves of rebels are theoretically  
free. Let the President know by that time  
that in the most liberal policy with refer-  
ence to the enfranchisement and military  
employment of the colored race, he will  
not only be sustained by every loyal man,  
but also by every loyal woman in the land.  
To Abraham Lincoln, President of the  
United States:

HONORED SIR:—May the wives, mothers,  
and daughters of the United States utter a  
few words in the ears of the Chief Magis-  
trate of the nation?  
Need we say to you that we have not  
been idle spectators of the terrible war  
which, for more than a year, has been  
waged upon our country? Have we need  
to describe the readiness with which we  
have surrendered our husbands, our sons,  
and our brothers to go forth in the nation's  
defense—many thousands, alas, never to  
return? Need we mention the cheerfulness  
with which we have plied our needles,  
and divided our wardrobes to succor the  
gallant soldiers of our armies, or say that  
we stand ready to repeat the same offices,  
while we have life and strength?

We address you for a different purpose.  
After more than a year of fighting and  
endurance, a new call is made for 600,000  
additional troops. We assume that the  
whole number called for will be promptly  
in the field, but we fear our rulers will have  
only a faint conception of the sacrifices  
which the sending forth of such an army  
costs the people.

What we now ask is that this noble army  
may be permitted to do its work speedily,  
and that such of our brave husbands, sons  
and brothers as survive impending conflicts,  
be allowed to return to us as soon as possi-  
ble.

We ask that they be not exposed to ex-  
hausting toil, or quartered in sickly regions,  
when loyal men already acclimated can be  
substituted in their place. To these ends  
we entreat that you call to the aid of our  
army every loyal man in the South, irre-  
spective of color or condition.

While we ask this for the sake of our  
country, that the strength of its manhood,  
and the flower of its youth, may not be  
needlessly sacrificed, we ask it no less for  
the sake of humanity.

God has placed you in the rare but re-  
sponsible position where the simple utter-  
ance of an official call to your country's  
rescue, may translate millions of down-  
trodden slaves into perpetual freemen. The  
world breathlessly awaits your patriotic no  
less than your philanthropic action. Will  
you longer leave the only true friends our  
nation has in the South to that constrained  
servitude which feeds their rebellious mas-  
ters, and gives them strength to shed the  
blood of our natural protectors, our dearest  
friends?  
For humanity's sake we also ask it in  
behalf of our own sex in the South. Let  
the emancipated slaves be put under mili-  
tary authority and discipline, and all danger  
of long-provoked and long-dreaded insur-  
rections will pass away forever. In this  
only way, as it seems to us, lies the course  
to a permanent peace, and the effective  
re-establishment of our Union. We there-  
fore entreat you, by all that is dear to  
patriotism or sacred to humanity, to act at  
once, and decisively for the emancipation  
of the slave and the deliverance of our  
country from the evils which now threaten  
its ruin.

Union Victory in Tennessee.

JACKSON, Sept. 2, P. M.

To Brig. Gen. Tuttle.—Thank the Lord,  
two regiments of my command, under Col.  
Dennis, of the 20th and 30th Illinois vol-  
unteers, from Estelle, whom I ordered up  
to attack the rear of the rebel force threat-  
ening this place, met the enemy in over-  
whelming numbers last evening, and routed  
them completely. One hundred and ten  
rebels were left dead on the field, by actual  
count, and their wounded are estimated at  
from two hundred and fifty to three hun-  
dred. Our loss was only five killed and  
forty wounded.  
L. F. ROSS,  
Brig. Gen.

(From the Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch.)  
**ARAMINTA CLEMENTINA SNORETH, AND IS  
CURED.**

BY POPKINS.

When time is broke and no proportion kept!"  
SARAFIRE.

The honeymoon had not yet waned. Its  
refulgent rays still shed a halo of unlimited  
lustre around myself and Mrs. P. I was  
in that beatific state supposed to be enjoyed  
by those who reside in the immediate vicin-  
ity of the "seventh heaven" so often  
spoken of by "poets." Daily was I suffi-  
ciently inspired to get off an ode to Mrs.  
P.'s eye-lids. Nightly did the divine afflu-  
tus force me into sonnets on her swan-like  
neck; and—heaven help me!—I was about  
to indite a poem of three hundred cantos  
on her Grecian nose, when I awoke to the  
terrible reality that she, the apple of mine  
eye, my Araminta Clementina, did abso-  
lutely snore! Ay! snored in a manner  
that convinced me beyond the shadow of a  
doubt that she was "an old hand at the  
bellows." Strong and loud, sonorous and  
clarion-like, it reverberated through all the  
chambers, tintinnabulated through the halls,  
and with unpleasant echoes reechoed up the  
crooked flues of every chimney in the house.

It was a snore with numerous and gro-  
tesque variations;—sometimes resembling  
the slow and cautious sawing of a window  
shutter by a scientific and first-class bur-  
glar; anon like the sharp, brisk rasping of  
horse's hoof by honest blacksmith shod;  
and yet again it would rise in wild subli-  
mity, like the roar of distant cataract, and  
then by gradual gradations come down to  
the moderate rumbling of a night cart, as  
slowly and sweetly it rolls its perfumed  
length over the unevenly laid cobble-stones.  
In its favor he said, there was no monoton-  
y about the nasal ebullition. But, al-  
though so delightfully varied, this noctur-  
nal indulgence on the part of Mrs. P.  
seriously affected me. Its incessant repeti-  
tion, night after night, made sad inroads  
upon my health. There was no escaping  
the dreadful doom.

"Still it cried, Sleep no more! to all the house:  
Clementina hath murder'd sleep."  
I endeavored seriously to catch a cold, in  
the delusive hope that it would produce  
deafness. Alas! the effort proved of no  
avail. I would frequently retire to our  
nuptial couch, my entire filled to its utmost  
capacity with the essence of old rye, hoping  
to produce stupefaction and consequent ob-  
livion to surrounding noises. Alack-a-day!  
the experiment was fruitless. The num-  
bers I'd taken merely served to make  
my sense of hearing more acute, and that  
horrid snore fell upon the drum of my too  
sensitive ear with all the force of sheet-light-  
ning, as served up at once horse spout-  
shops. What to do I knew not. I became  
nervous, irritable; while loss of appetite  
followed in the wake of all my other woes.  
Disinterested and self-sacrificing friends  
commiserated me upon my changed ap-  
pearance, and, by certain nods, winks,  
and expressive shrugging-up of shoulders, kin-  
dly intimated that they surmised the un-  
happy cause of my travail. Misguided  
mortals! your innocences were left uncon-  
tricted rather than expose the real cause  
of my utter wretchedness. I had nobly  
resolved to suffer on in silence, and Heaven  
nose I did suffer!

It was a delicate and painful subject to  
broach to Araminta Clementina just at this  
interesting period of her life. I felt assured  
that to accuse her openly of snoring would  
so prey upon her gentle nature that she  
would not survive the shock. The blow  
would fall with such crushing force that  
she—the idol of my soul—would sink into  
a very green and untimely grave—snatched  
from me ere the blossoms had withered that  
on her bridal night did clasp her snowy  
brow. Then perish the thought! Rather  
than wring thy nose—I mean thy heart—  
with one single throb of pain, I'll e'en bear  
up with all the heroism of a martyr.

But, goodness gracious! "There is a  
point beyond which," &c., &c. The fact is,  
human nature is human nature; and with  
that bit of "Bunsby" philosophy running  
in my head I thus addressed myself:  
"Philistines Popkins! If thou knowest thy-  
self, thou art human; and such being the  
case, 'tis self-evident that shouldst thou  
wish to prolong thy stay in this mundane  
sphere, thou must in self-defence procure  
an antidote for thy bane!" This stirring  
address rather shocked me at first, but  
through the dreary watches (alarm clock  
I should say) of the night I had ample time  
to perfect my plans, as well as the awful  
incentive to urge me on to some dread  
expedient.

The "punching" process first suggested  
itself to my fertile brain. A slight but  
well-directed poke in the region of the fifth  
rib, applied in rapid succession some ten or  
fifteen times, resulted in the snore becoming  
somewhat mixed in character—something  
between a grunt and a snore—a variation  
that was entirely new to me, and extremely  
difficult to describe: the experiment, so far  
as changing the tune, was quite successful.  
It was, however, no improvement upon the  
"old song," and I was compelled to aban-  
don the "punching" operation in despair.  
I now placed an undying hope in snuff.  
With what fondness did I clutch the first  
six-pence worth of Macebooy, and swiftly  
hid me home to introduce the fragrant  
powder into the offending nasal organ of  
my unconscious Clementina! 'Twas ten

o'clock, and I found her as usual at that  
hour, in full snore. Applying the snuff  
pinch by pinch until the whole cavity was  
filled, I with breathless anxiety awaited  
the result of my cunning strategy. Oh!  
how closely I watched the orifice of that  
long and finely-chiseled proboscis! Many  
a time in childhood's hour I have through  
smoked glass intensely gazed at some far-off  
sun or moon eclipse. But 'twas nothing  
when compared to this. Finally, becoming  
somewhat impatient, and at a loss to account  
for the non-appearance of any new devel-  
opments, I seized her classic "cutwater"  
'twixt my thumb and finger, and by a  
gentle pressure sought to suspend her res-  
piration, "which in very truth it did."  
But the relief was only temporary—as  
evanescent as shadows cast by flitting sum-  
mer clouds; for with a short, emphatic  
snort, she distributed the much sought-for,  
but ineffectual, Macebooy all over the snow-  
white counterpane; turned uneasily upon  
her back; and then, like a giant refreshed,  
started off in her nasal solo, pitching it an  
octave higher than ever.

Finding that the highly-scented Macebooy  
was not to be sneezed at, I, disappointed  
but not dismayed, resolved to invest another  
six-pence in "prime old Scotch," and the  
next night found me cruelly experimenting  
as before. This time, being somewhat nerv-  
ous, I accidentally inserted a small portion  
into her right eye. The effect was miracu-  
lous. The music closed with a grand crash,  
like the winding up of a noisy overture,  
and Clementina was up (to snuff) in an  
instant. Excitedly rubbing that poor irri-  
tated orb, now filled with pearly tears, she  
gazed wildly around with the left, uncon-  
scious of the cruel cause of being thus  
awakened. I felt that her one cerulean  
eye was beaming upon me with inquiring  
glance, and, coward-like, I feigned a deep  
and dreamless slumber. I heard her dulcet  
voice exclaim: "Philistines dear, is not the  
atmosphere strongly impregnated with the  
odor of tobacco?" Who but I could have  
listened to those plaintive tones without  
responding? yet I, with feignish satisfac-  
tion, awoke not, answered not!

With feelings of chagrin I am forced to  
admit that the tobacco dodge on the whole  
was anything but a success; and I again  
commenced taxing my ingenuity for some  
better remedy—some infallible specific.  
Oh! Jove, thou God of Thunder! what  
would I not have given for a sovereign  
Snore Exterminator? While those hope-  
lessly depending, the Fates, one blustering  
day in winter, smiled upon me by afflicting  
the dear partner of my joys with a severe  
cold in the head. The ordinary channel  
through which she inhaled the air ruthlessly  
closed, and thus was Clementina inexorably  
compelled to open the coral aperture beneath.  
Never was the beautifully expressed aphor-  
ism, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody  
any good," better exemplified; for with  
that delicate mouth widely extended, no  
euphonious sounds escaped her musical  
olfactory, and I was made supremely happy.

Happiness, alas! in this work-a-day  
world of ours, is unfortunately ephemeral,  
and I soon discovered by the old symptoms  
that the affectionate sharer of my responsi-  
bilities was rapidly recovering. I at once  
sternly decided to break to her the terrible  
secret—ask her forgiveness, and suggest a  
mode of cure. Fearing she'd prove indig-  
nant, I had made my will, and had per-  
fected my final arrangements to flee to some  
undiscovered country abounding in wild  
beasts, amongst whose midnight howls I  
could school myself to endure the un-  
earthly snoring of my *cara sposa*.

With fear and trembling I broached the  
unhappy subject; went through the whole  
touching narrative (mentally reserving the  
snuff experiment) of my poignant sufferings  
brought on by her unfortunate sleep-dis-  
turbance; and wound up by taking  
from my pocket a small piece of wood,  
beeching her in tones of tenderness (tears  
of the largest calibre coursing down my  
care-worn cheeks) to place that little  
instrument each night between her  
pearly teeth, and thereby bring peace, joy,  
health and harmony, once more into our  
distracted domicile. The amiable creature  
slightly shuddered, but uttered no word of  
complaint. She kindly acceded to my  
rude proposals, using the cruel gag that  
I'd invented, and never since has thrown it  
up to me. No snore now is ever heard  
beneath our calm and happy roof-tree. As  
the saffron petals of a lily are gently fanned  
by the gossamer wing of a butterfly, so even  
is the soft breathing of the angelic Mrs. P.  
To quote the sublime imagery of one of our  
modern and most gifted poets,  
Everything is lovely, and the goose hangs high!

Three or four times a couple appear-  
ed before a clergyman for marriage, but the  
bridegroom was drunk, and the reverend  
gentlemen refused to tie the knot. On the  
last occasion he expressed his surprise that  
so respectable a looking girl was not asham-  
ed to appear at the altar with a man in  
such a state. The poor girl burst into tears  
and said she could not help it. "And why  
pray?" "Because, sir, he won't come  
when he is sober."

Ericsson, who made the Monitor;  
Dahlgren, who made the cannon; Jeany  
Lind, who made music; Fredrika Bremer,  
who made domestic fiction, that is read in  
thousands of American homes, are Swedes.

## WORDS IN SEASON.

The "Lounger," in the last number of  
*Harper's Weekly*, says:

"Let us suppress the abolitionists," cries  
some slack-witted orator, "and the rebellion  
will end!" Of course it will, you dear  
soul; and if all your fellow-citizens had  
been of your calibre and kidney there  
would have been no rebellion at all.  
If Hampden and his friends had said, "Let  
us suppress these fellows who cry out  
against ship money," England would have  
quietly submitted to the tyranny of the  
Stuarts. If Otis and Patrick Henry had  
shouted, "Hurrah for King George and the  
Stamp Act!" there would have been no  
bloody revolution. If Mirabeau and the  
French people had bellowed, "Hurrah for  
starvation; aristocrats forever!" all the  
trouble in France would have speedily  
ended. To be sure every right would have  
been annihilated, every liberty destroyed,  
and a few rich and remorseless people  
would have governed France; but there  
would have been no difficulty, except moral  
rot and general national decay.

"Let us suppress the abolitionists." But  
suppose you begin at the beginning. First  
subdue the common sense of the people of  
the country, and then subdue those who  
influence it. It is not what you call, with  
an amusing persistence, abolitionism, that  
caused the war, but the opening of the eyes  
of the people so that they saw. The people  
of this country know perfectly well that  
slavery is at the bottom of this rebellion.  
If there had been no slavery there would  
have been no war; just as there would have  
been no abolitionism. The temperance  
movement springs from drunkenness; and  
when a drunken man tries to kill his wife,  
don't you think that the teetotalers are  
responsible for it?

Slavery was trying to kill the country.  
It had almost succeeded. "Watch!"  
"watch!" shouted the abolitionists. "There!  
there!" cry the sensible Wickliffe and  
Company—"this comes of calling the  
watch. Why the devil don't you hold  
your tongues! Let us suppress these  
fellows that cry watch! watch! and all will  
be quiet again."

Certainly, a dead dog or a dead nation  
are both perfectly quiet. And a nation of  
freemen throttled, with its own consent, by  
a slave system like ours, is the dearest and  
meanest of all dead dogs.

## A PROFITABLE PARTNERSHIP.

Two men, named Sarioi and Turban,  
have just been brought before the Tribunal  
of Correctional Police, Paris, for being  
drunk and disorderly at St. Dennis. These  
two individuals had formed a partnership  
for the sale of 44 worth of brandy at the  
fair of that place, and set out for the scene  
operation with their stock-in-trade, which  
they had agreed to sell for four sous the  
small glass. On arriving at La Chapelle,  
Sarioi expressed a desire to taste the liquid,  
the objection was immediately made that  
he was only part proprietor, and that one-  
half of what he might drink would belong  
to the other. "Oh! I perfectly compre-  
hend that," said Sarioi, "and in consequence  
I propose to pay you two sous for the glass,  
being your share of the value." As Turban  
made no further objection, Sarioi very  
gravely handed over the two sous and drank  
the liquid. Shortly after, Turban, who  
had looked on the enjoyment of his com-  
rade with a jealous eye, determined in his  
turn to regale himself, and according hand-  
ing over with perfect gravity the two  
sous to his companion, also swallowed a  
glass of the brandy. But this see-saw  
process was repeated so often that, when the  
two partners arrived at St. Dennis, their  
brandy was found to have dwindled away  
to almost nothing; they themselves were  
three-fourths intoxicated, and the whole  
receipts of the day were only two sous.  
Turban could not by any possibility under-  
stand how four francs' worth of brandy  
should have been regularly sold, glass by  
glass, and that only two sous should be  
forthcoming to represent both the original  
capital and the profit. He therefore ex-  
pressed the opinion that there must be  
something wrong somewhere, and he termi-  
nated by expressing doubts as to his asso-  
ciate's honesty. That impeachment led to a  
regular fight, followed by the interference  
of the police, and the arrest of the two  
partners. The Tribunal sentenced them  
each to a week's imprisonment.

## TENACITY OF LIFE IN THE SNAIL.

Some snails have been known to live many years  
shut up in boxes and drawers, and even af-  
fixed to tablets as specimens. A Mr. Sim-  
on, of Dublin, threw a snail in water that  
had been in a box of specimens in his cabi-  
net for fifteen years, and it came to life.  
The men employed in cutting the Erie  
Canal, near Rome village, sixteen miles west  
of Utica, in 1822, found several hundred  
live snails forty-two feet deep, in a diluvial  
deposit. How many thousand years they  
had been there it is not easy to say. Mul-  
ler relates that some snails, from which he  
had cut off their heads, lived more than a  
year in this state without food, crawling  
about, and at the usual time forming their  
winter epiphigrams. It appears from this  
that they cannot reproduce their whole  
heads, but it is a well known fact that snails  
will reproduce their feet, tentacles, eyes,  
and even parts of the head, after amputa-  
tion.

## THE 10TH OF AUGUST.

The anniversary of the battle of Wilson's  
Dreik was celebrated at Corinth by some  
of the survivors, now attached to the 1st  
Missouri artillery. Among the after din-  
ner toasts was one "to the memory of Gen.  
Lyon," which was responded to by General  
Davis, and the response is worthy of record:

FELLOW SOLDIERS:—The honor which  
you have done me in coupling my name  
with the noble sentiment just expressed,  
might have been better worn by those who  
were the associates of our great hero; but  
you will allow me to say that the more I  
hear and the more I learn of that great man  
the more I am filled with admiration for his  
noble career and his glorious death. You  
soldiers thrice tried, heroes of Springfield,  
of Donelson and Shiloh, how shall I say  
one word which can add interest to you in  
the grand struggle which we commemorate.  
I never think of that devoted band of less  
than thirty-seven hundred, surrounded and  
assailed by five times your number, beating  
back the insolent and exulting foe for six  
mortal hours, of the tremendous slaughter  
that marked the struggle, and of the all but  
victorious issue of that day; I never recall  
the sufferings of that campaign, the fortitu-  
de of the men, and the wisdom of your  
voluntary and forlorn attack upon the  
superior foe, but the tears spring from their  
fountains, and my heart is full with the  
contemplation of this nobility of our  
countrymen.

You have seen perhaps the bloodiest and  
most terrible battle of the war. You are  
already veterans in war, having passed  
through more dangers than any of our great  
officers. I accept your statement that  
neither Donelson nor Pittsburg Landing, I  
will add, nor Bull Run, equal in severity  
the contest on the bleak oak hills of South-  
west Missouri. Let me say also that I  
regard it as tinged with sorrow this event-  
ful anniversary, the loss of one of the best  
and bravest soldiers, one of the purest and  
warmest patriots—Gen. Nathaniel Lyon.

Capt. Commanding Stone, on behalf of  
the survivors, responded in these words:

GENERAL:—We thank you for this ex-  
pression of your admiration for our departed  
leader, and for the commendation you have  
been pleased to shower upon us. We feel  
more deeply than we may ever express, the  
profound regret that he should have been  
thus early snatched from the field which  
opened for him such abundant prospects,  
and to which he must have brought the  
energy of his head and heart.

We knew the man and loved him. Would  
that he had lived to bless his country as he  
wished. Posterity will honor his name.  
Lighter and brighter as time flows on will  
be the lustre which circles around the her-  
omartyr of the great rebellion.

## LATE NEWS.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.

Yesterday at 4 P. M., there was consid-  
erable fighting between Fairfax court house  
and the intermediate space towards Wash-  
ington.

The rear guard, it is said, consisted of  
Gens. Hooker's and Fitz John Porter's  
divisions, who did effectual service in keep-  
ing the rebels in check as our troops were  
moving into the fortifications protecting  
this city on the Virginia side.

Later information says the rebels are  
making a demonstration on the upper river  
and have already reached Leesburg, spread-  
ing between there and the chain bridge, as  
if designing to cross at Poolsville. Cavalry  
and artillery have left for there to assist in  
guarding the fords.

It is reported Winchester is evacuated  
and that the rebels have appeared in force  
in the valley.

Our troops, though much damaged by  
the late severe service, are being recruited  
and are improving fast.

The rebel force under the five Generals,  
Jackson, Longstreet, Ewell, Hill and Smith  
is not less than 215,000 men at the present  
time.

Immediately on accepting the chief com-  
mand of all the Union forces in Virginia  
and in the neighborhood of Washington,  
General McClellan proceeded to inspect the  
troops and the fortifications on the other  
side of the river. This duty occupied him  
until after midnight last night. His re-  
ception by the officers and soldiers was  
marked by the utmost enthusiasm.

A gentleman just from the rebel camp,  
states that Jackson, Longstreet, Ewell and  
Hill, are now consolidating at Manassas,  
while Smith is marching with a column  
30,000 strong on Fredericksburg.

From Cincinnati.

Sept. 1st.—Lexington, Ky., was evacu-  
ated this afternoon, our troops falling back on  
Covington. All the Government stores  
were removed to Louisville. At 7 o'clock  
to-night, the Lexington operator closed his  
office saying that Kirby Smith had appeared  
in the woods and demanded the surrender  
of the city, which was complied with by  
the citizens. There is a good deal of ex-  
citement here, but preparations are making  
for the defense of the city. Gen. Lew.  
Wallace has assumed command here. Regi-  
ments are arriving and en route.

A piece of land was recently sold  
in London at the rate of £1,900,000 per  
acre—sufficient to cover it with silver equal  
to half a dollar in thickness.

## THE EVACUATION OF CENTREVILLE.

On Monday, Sept. 1st, intelligence was  
received from headquarters that the divi-  
sions of Hill and Longstreet intended to  
appear on our right in force and cut off our  
supply trains. To prevent this consumma-  
tion, Reno's division was dispatched to  
Fairfax by Gen. Pope. It was also deemed  
prudent to commence the evacuation of  
Centreville to cover our base of operations,  
in as much as Gens. Hill and Longstreet  
were known to be in force some distance  
towards Washington from the battle field of  
Saturday, and as a reconnaissance to the  
front revealed an anticipated movement in  
the same direction by the enemy, the army  
commenced retreating towards Fairfax Court-  
house on Monday, at 9 o'clock, Reno's  
division leading, and McDowell's corps  
following. As Reno's division was pursu-  
ing its line of march, and when within one  
and a half mile of Fairfax, a heavy volley  
from a force of riflemen came pouring in  
upon them from the woods to the right up-  
on the road. The rebel force was a de-  
tachment from Gen. Hill's division, and  
was commanded by Gen. Stuart. The volley  
was almost entirely received by Gen. Stev-  
en's brigade. Reno and Stevens immedi-  
ately formed their commands in line of  
battle to repel the attack. Gen. Stevens  
rode up and down his line gallantly rally-  
ing his men intimidated by repeated volleys  
from an unknown enemy. Unable to cope  
with them in the position they then held,  
Stevens ordered his men to fix bayonets  
and charge them out of the woods. This  
order was gallantly responded to by his  
men, who pressed the enemy and drove  
them before them with great slaughter.  
While thus charging Gen. Stevens was hit  
by a Minie ball and instantly killed; but  
not until the enemy had been routed.—  
Capt. Stevens, a son of the General, was  
wounded in the hand. Gen. Kearney's  
batteries now opened on the rebels, causing  
great havoc among them. Skirmishing was  
kept up for three hours, when the rebels  
retired and the train passed on. The  
enemy's loss was heavy.

Stonewall Jackson is on his way to Bal-  
timore via Leesburg, with 40,000 men. He  
intends crossing near Edward's Ferry.  
The latest advices from Gen. Pope's  
headquarters state that his whole column  
was falling back on Washington.

## The Fighting in Virginia.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2.

Recent advices from the scene of the  
late sanguinary conflicts in Virginia, with  
the enemy, report affairs in that locality as  
being comparatively quiet. The news from  
that quarter to-day is decidedly meagre.  
Rumors and stories of the most extrava-  
gant nature have been circulated through-  
out the city. A great majority of these  
have been found to be unreliable. Parties  
who left Centreville last, yesterday after-  
noon, report that the command of General  
Banks, which had been rumored cut off,  
arrived at that place about five yesterday  
afternoon. There can be very little doubt  
of the correctness of this report, as our  
informant states he witnessed the arrival of  
this command. It is stated that a march  
of twenty-five miles was made to reach that  
position.

Yesterday evening at six o'clock, our  
army was withdrawn behind the hills of  
Centreville as a feint, it is supposed, to  
draw on the enemy, but as they did not  
advance, this morning our army advanced  
two miles towards the old battle field. The  
large reinforcements which have arrived  
there, consisting of artillery and infantry,  
makes the army perfectly safe. No firing  
took place after nine o'clock, Saturday  
night. Kearney's division remained on the  
field until 11 o'clock, Sunday. Some shells  
were thrown into the enemy, but no re-  
sponse was made. This morning a slight  
skirmish took place. In Kearney's division  
in the recent battle, Gen. Hatch was wound-  
ed slightly, a ball penetrating the brim  
and body of his felt hat. The dead were  
being buried and the wounded removed  
to-day under a flag of truce.

Later—There is no doubt there was a  
heavy skirmish between our forces and the  
rebel advance last night or this morning,  
but reports are not as yet accessible. The  
11th Mass. went into the fight on Friday  
with about 240 men, of which 150 were  
killed and wounded; the 12th New York  
with 354 men, came out with 106 men and  
9 officers. The other four regiments of  
this brigade, (Batterfield's) the 44th and  
12th N. Y., 83d Penn. and 16th, came out  
in the same proportion. Batterfield's bri-  
gade had marched for twenty-one days  
without a change of clothes, and went into  
the fight in this condition. A Tribune  
correspondent who went over the battle  
field on Sunday, says our dead lay untouch-  
ed as they fell in battle, with the exception  
of their caps and shoes. I did not see a  
single instance among the whole 180 dead,  
where the shoes had not been taken. Many  
of the rebels were barefooted. The rebel  
dead and wounded had all been disposed of,  
and not a single instance of sick, killed or  
wounded remained on the field. Even the  
straggling soldiers did not know where they  
had been taken to. They were evidently  
secretly buried in the night by negroes, for  
occasionally in a deep ravine I came across  
mounds sometimes ten or fifteen feet square,  
where their victims had been secreted from  
the gaze of their own men.